THE PORT FOLIO.

ENLARGED.

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND
OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE,
AND PLEAS'D WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."
COWPER.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE LAY PREACHER.

[In the series of these little papers, it was thought useful to mingle Literary with moral topics, and, sometimes, to associate the candid Critic with the earnest Mentor. A fashionable and favourite species of Romance, from the magical pen of one of the most illustrious of her tribe, led the author of the ensuing Essay into a speculation, which, should the readers of the Port Folio have patience to peruse, will reward him for his efforts to *praise* the Genius and Style of Mrs. RADCLIFF, and to *blame* the choice of some of those topics, which cause melancholy man to *consider too curiously*. This Criticism will, for some weeks, be the theme of the Lay Preacher. With the decent freedom that he assumes in no uncandid analysis, may he hope that neither this ingenious Lady, nor her partizans, will be offended. He remembers, with the author of the Pursuits of Literature, that "she is the mighty magician of the Mysteries of Udolpho, bred and nourished by the Florentine Muses, in their sacred, solitary caverns, amid the paler shrines of Gothic superstition, in all the dreariness of enchantment. A poetess, whom ARIOSTO would have acknowledged as the

La nudrita
Damigella Trivulzia al sacro speco."]

"They were partly vexed with monstrous apparitions—Or a terrible sound of stones cast down—or a roaring voice of most savage wild beasts, or a rebounding echo from the hollow mountains: these things made them swoon for fear."

THE Son of Sirach, in his admirable book of Wisdom, applies the above to "timorous wickedness," to those, who are haunted by the terrors of a guilty conscience, and who, on the nightly couch, sleep only to be more broad awake to images of horror. From these topics a very solemn speculation might be raised, but on a subject so tremendous, serious, and awful, it is not fit that a *Lay* Preacher should expatiate. To describe the woes of guilt, and the terrors of futurity, and to start warning and consolatory topics, is the appropriate task of the legitimate clergyman. I shall not enter this hallowed ground. I confine myself to moral, economical, literary, or political subjects; and to essay sublimer themes comports neither with my plan, nor with my sense of propriety. Into the golden harvest of the Church let the legal labourers "thrust in the sickle." I only "glean, and gather among the sheaves."

Upon these principles, I shall apply my text to a familiar and literary topic, and suppose, for example, that the readers of the modern Romance are "vexed with monstrous apparitions, and with the rebounding echo from the hollow mountains." I have not, for some time, devoted a sermon to literature, and I think that in the course of describing and criticising a certain class of fashionable writings, I can suggest a few hints, moral, practical and salutary.

I believe it is Dr. Johnson, who remarks of some of the popular tales of an early age, that a Knight, a Damsel, and a Hermit, composed all their personages, and a shipwreck and a forest all their machinery. Romances thus rudely written, and compiled from such meagre materials, were at length derided by the observers, and the developers of human nature. Fielding, and after him the respectable train of Richardson, Smollett, and Burney, laughed at witches and woods, led their reader into social throngs, and introduced him, not to magicians, but to men, acting from the ordinary impulses of humanity. An innkeeper was found to be a much more amusing, as well as more natural character, than a Griffin. Women of sensibility and taste excited our admiration and love more than Urganda the sage, or Queen Pintiquiniestra. Commodore Trunion was discovered to be a heartier fellow than Don Belianis of Greece, and Grandison, Andrews, Jones, and Pickle, much finer gentlemen than Sir Launcelot of the Lake, or Florismarte of Hyrcania. Fielding's landladies proved more agreeable dragons than those of chivalry, and in the useful narrative of the life of Cecilia or of Camilla, more interesting description was found, than of a burning lake, a submarine palace, a giant, or a goblin.

But a style of writing, claiming close affinity with the rude romance of the twelfth century, has been lately introduced; and great names and debauched taste have given currency to the marvellous, the terrific, and the gloomy. Lord Orford, more generally known, perhaps, by the familiar name of Horace Walpole, was among the first of those, who, in the full blaze of the 18th century, chose to excite from the shades of Gothic superstition the dreary phantoms of the cave and cloister. His Castle of Otranto, and his tragedy, the Mysterious Mother, revived the exploded fondnesss for chivalric personages improbable adventures, horrid incidents, and unnatural characters. He was followed by certain German writers, and by a Lady, the plots of whose novels I am half inclined to forgive, from my admiration of the purity and grace of her language, and her descriptions of natural scenery, which she ever beholds with the eye of a painter. But the example of Mrs. Radcliff has seduced a tribe of minor authors, and old castles, sheeted ghosts, gliding light, and dank dungeons, described with intolerable prolixity, nauseate the judicious reader. All parts of Europe have been ransacked for 'old wive's fables,' respecting the wars of barons, the seclusion of beauty, the drugged bowl, and the bloody dagger. We have 'Haunted Caverns' and 'Haunted Palaces.' We have "Mysteries Elucidated,' and mysteries not elucidated, together with mysteries so mysterious, that they never can be elucidated. Nay, a wretched imitator of Mrs Radcliff, one Mr. John Fox, has published a thing with the title of the 'Mysterious Pregnancy,' which must certainly be one of the most merry mysteries, within the memory of man. In London you may have a Sorcerer for half a crown, and his wand into the bargain. A Monk is as familiar in a bookseller's shop as a critic or a lounger; one may easily shake hands with an Enchanter, and if you wish to be acquainted with Danish, Saxon or Norman nobles, you may find them in every street. They all live in castles; and whether you ask for Edwy or Ethelred, or Robert and Adela, you will discover that they are all most agreeably in fear of their lives, and are well provided with chains, bread and water, rusty swords, poison, and other conveniencies.

In works thus constructed, you may discover yet more to ridicule, or to reprehend. Wearisome sameness pervades the whole. A gallery, an unexplored chamber, a cottage on the shore, a cloister among the mountains, a distressed lady, and a few drops of blood, these are the scanty materials of the modern novelist. Their personages are useless, because they are not like other men and women. The good and the evil beings in romance have no more resemblance to humanity, than SHAKSPEARE's fairies, or Caliban the monster. Adeline and Emily St. Aubert do not look like the pretty women of our acquaintance. These heroines are more sensitive, and more 'vexed with apparitions,' than other females. Under such woes human nature would not merely totter, but fall. On the other hand, the characters of Schedoni and Spalatro exceed, in malignancy, all the fiends with which MILTON has peopled his Hell. It is my delight and solace to disbelieve that Man is so desperately wicked. I know that malicious Monks, and revengeful Italians exist; but they do not appear in such horrid forms as in the romances of Radcliff. She has embodied phantoms. In visions of the night, when deep sleep falls on others, she has seen, through the coloured glass of her telescope of fancy, a world of her own. It is not like our world. It is like the city of Shim Sham, all is moonshine and vapour.

The subject swells under my hands, and I cannot confine it within the narrow limits of a single sermon. Next week, I shall pursue my remarks and reflexions: till then, gentle reader, adieu; and may you nod sagaciously, rather than sleep profoundly, over what I have thus far imperfectly written.

POLITICS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Mr. Thomas T. Davis, late a member of Congress, from the state of Kentucky, has published an address to the people of that state, which has set the heart of the presidential tom tit, S. H. Smith, a fluttering, with so much violence, that all his little feathers are ruffled with indignation.

Dr. Johnson, speaking in commendation of a friend, summed up all his virtues, in detailing his hatreds—He hated a fool; and he hated a knave; and he hated a whig—Oh! sir, *HE WAS AN EXCELLENT HATER!*—If the test of a man's merit be the number of his hatreds, Mr. Davis must be the very best man in America. The Congress of the United States consists of men, elected by their fellow citizens, in various modes, and upon the most perfect republican system of representative government. We all know that the great superiority of this representative government over the absurd and abominable impostures of aristocracy and monarchy, is because wisdom and virtue are never hereditary, and wisdom and virtue are always the successful candidates in popular elections. To doubt, therefore, that the

Congress of the Union is composed of the wisest and best men in the country, for the time being, were a political heresy of the deepest dye. For though it must be acknowledged that, sometimes, the suffrages of the people may, by mistake, fall upon a fool or a knave, yet the case is well known to be infinitely rare, and at the next election he never fails to be turned out. The Congress, therefore, is formed of men, who, as long as they hold their places, are, unquestionably, the wisest and most virtuous characters in the country, always making allowance for the exception of a few, who are discovered to be knaves or fools, in the interval between one election and another. Now the Congress, for many years, have been divided into two great political parties, whom Mr. Davis styles the 'Federalists' and the 'republicans;' but at the last session, it appears, a third great party arose, and the congress was divided into federalists, republicans, and Thomas T. Davis. Mr. Davis, during the whole of his period of congressional wisdom and virtue, before that time, had been an undistinguished member of what he calls the republican party, and hated a federalist as cordially as Dr. Johnson's friend hated a whig. But, during the last session, when the most valuable rights and interests of his immediate constituents were outrageously violated, by the officer of a foreign government, and when his friends, in the administration, had no expedients to defend the country, but SENSIBILITIES and LITTLE BITS of PAPER, Mr. Davis became so turbulent and restive, that our discreet president thought it most adviseable to make him a judge! This is what Mr. Davis calls "voluntarily withdrawing from the public service"—A phrase in which there is some inaccuracy, since a judge is as much in the public service as a representative in congress. But Mr. Davis had his reasons for not saying "I have accepted an office of Judge, under the appointment of Mr. Jefferson.' The substitution of an incorrect and affected, for a plain and natural mode of expression, often betrays the consciousness, which it fain would disguise. After accepting an honourable and lucrative appointment, from Mr. Jefferson, it argues little in favour of Mr. Davis's gratitude, to say the least, to proclaim, thus formally and unnecessarily, the disapprobation of his proceedings, and to pass that bitter censure upon his measures, and those of his republicans, which are so conspicuous in this address. Mr. Davis felt the impropriety of his conduct, and instinctively kept his appointment out of sight; like detected children, who think to avoid being seen, by shutting their own eyes.

From the substance of Mr. Davis's observations, it appears that on the transactions at New-Orleans, last winter, and the measures which ought then to have been pursued by our government, relative to them, his *opinions* altogether coincided with the system, advocated by the Federalists, and he heartily despised the pusillanimous course, which was pursued by the republicans. He found no difficulty, therefore, in extending his HATRED to these, his former friends, but it was not alike in his nature to forget aversions, and extend his friendship, or even his candour, to his former enemies; so that he now boldly declares, that "all the propositions made, from both the republican and federal side of the House, on the subject of the port of New-Orleans, were, in his opinion, EQUALLY INSINCERE." At one dash of the pen, he has passed sentence upon the honesty of all congress, in a mass, and if there were any weight in his judgment, he, himself, was the only man of *wisdom* and *virtue* in the whole body! all the rest, without exception, were knaves or simpletons. What a compliment to the discernment of the people who chose them! What a panegyric upon popular elections and representative government!

It is probable that a large portion of the members of congress, on both sides, would concur in the opinion of Mr. Davis, so far as it applies to their respective adversaries. But at least they would disclaim and disbelieve it, with regard to themselves and their friends. Party-spirit has no candour for her adversaries, but overflows with indulgence for her own side. She refuses the common offices of benevolence and humanity only to one portion of her countrymen; towards those who think like herself she has a heart to feel, and a soul to bestow. Like Christian charity, she suffereth long, and is kind. We ought to cherish and respect these virtues, even when their operation is too confined. When we see, therefore, a man, like Mr. Davis, thus hurling his anathemas on every side at once, involving in one universal censure, the whole body to which he belonged; breaking away from the bondage of one party, yet retaining all his acrimony against the other, we pity his perplexity, but we are left to seek for the soundness of his judgment, or the goodness of his heart.

The president's *gentle* Editor, Miss Smith, appears, by the introductory paragraph, to the publication of this address, to have been affected in a manner quite characteristic of herself and her philosophical patron. It is not the Ingratitude, the Injustice, and the Prejudices, apparent in the paper, which distress Miss Smith—No!—It is the IMPOLITENESS of the letter, which strikes her with unutterable horror—such is the violence of her agitation at this rude conduct, that she is impelled by it to deny her nature, and declare she will discard all POLITENESS towards judge Davis, in return: accordingly, she charges him with Vanity and self-conceit. Dear, POLITE Miss Smith! Kentucky is not the school for Chesterfieldian graces!—Mr. Davis probably never had, like you, the inestimable benefit of a French dancing master! If his letter were deficient in nothing but POLITENESS, you ought, indeed you ought, in favour of his old and sterling republicanism, to forgive him

There is one idea more, which Miss Smith has gathered from the judge's address, that proves her as shrewd as she is polite. It is that the judges ought not to be independent. It makes them, says she, irresponsible to Practicable Controul—Her idea was—If this office had been held AT PLEASURE, Mr. Davis would not have dared to tell these impolite truths about the republicans in congress—If he had, Mr. Jefferson would have turned him out at once as a Federalist. Then, again, why did Mr. Jefferson appoint him a judge? If he had depended upon the people for re-election, he would certainly have been more polite. But Miss Smith may set her heart at ease, as to the independence of the judges—That, the republicans, of her stamp, have effectually broken down. If the vindictive temper of her patron urges him to dismiss judge Davis, he knows his course—He has only to get an authentic certificate of the number of causes he has tried, since his appointment, and, as they will be few or none, recommend it to congress to abolish the Office as a useless expense.

Mr. Jefferson can best tell, why he appointed Mr. Davis a judge. Probably because he thought the appointment a measure of Practicable Controul. Mr. Davis had become a conspicuous member of the House. He had been compelled by the immediate and unquestionable interests of his constituents, to join in the *measures* of the Federalists, though he denies their sincerity—At any rate, he was not subservient enough to certain Virginian leaders, and, at the next congress, might become a very dangerous man. To put him into a judicial office, it was supposed, would put an end to his political influence, or at least reduce him to silence. The experiment was not injudicious, and after the judge has indulged himself in this valedictory satire, and given his parting curse to both houses of congress, he may still sink into the character of a mere judge.

The Federalists have often been charged with endeavouring to excite an unreasonable jealousy against the undue preponderance of Virginia, in the councils of the nation. At the last session of congress, Mr. Bacon sufficiently expressed his opinion that the complaints of the Federalists, in this case, were just—that the influence of Virginia *was too great*. But this gentleman is so much in the habit of refuting and explaining away his own opinions, that his authority never can be of much weight. Mr. Davis now comes forward, and solemnly confirms the fact, involving also the state of New-York in the imputation of this overweening influence. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this accusation will no longer be attributed to *Federal* misrepresentation, since it is maintained by two men, whose detestation of Federalism is surpassed by that of no two other men in the union.

Yet, after all, Mr. Davis's jealousy may have been sharpened by discovering merely that certain Virginians had more influence in congress than himself. That New-York and Virginia, and particularly the latter, should have great influence, is so natural, that the absurdity would be in a state of things, under which they should not have it. They are entitled to it from every possible consideration. By their proportion of territory, of population, of property, of revolutionary sufferings and exertions, and of eminent and able men, whose talents and services those important states have given to the union. But surely Pennsylvania has her share of influence in the government, though Mr. John Randolph did cast such charges of Federalism in her teeth? New-England alone appears to be the object of degradation to our present rulers. For the majority of her states are avowedly Federalists; and even for the high but unimportant offices, which, for the form sake, have been given to New-England men, the selection of characters has been an insult upon their country. Men, of subservient souls, without respect for themselves; without capacity to command the respect of others—just fit to be employed, as the willing drudges of the party—just fit, at once, to make libels at Worcester, and to make merriment at Washington; to circulate filth and venom at home, and to be held up to scorn, as specimens of *yankey* Genius, at the seat of government. But this refinement of disgrace is not extended beyond the bounds of New-England—For Ireland and Geneva help to eke out the deficiencies of Pennsylvania, and the other states, in the allowance of their weight do not seem to suffer either fraud or mockery in the distribution.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

AN AUTHOR'S EVENINGS.

FROM THE SHOP OF MESSRS. COLON AND SPONDEE.

Mr. M'Neill, the author of that popular and moral poem, the Scaith of Scotland, composed on a melancholy occasion the following, which he, who has a taste for the pathetic, will hardly peruse with indifference. The closing stanza will remind the reader of that picture of the sacrifice of Iphigenia, where the judicious artist, in despair lest Painting should fail to represent Parental anguish, involves in the folds of his robe the face of her afflicted father.

DONALD AND FLORA,

A Ballad, on the death of a Friend, killed at the battle of Saratoga, 1778.

When many hearts were gay,
Careless of aught but play,

Poor Flora slipt away
Sadd'ning to 'Mora,
Loose flow'd her yellow hair,
Quick heav'd her bosom bare,
As thus to the troubled air
She vented her sorrow.

Loud howls the stormy west,
Cold, cold is winter's blast—
Haste then, O Donald, haste!
Haste to thy Flora:
Twice twelve long months are o'er
Since, on a foreign shore,
You promised to fight no more,
But meet me in Mora.

"Where now is Donald dear?"
Maids cry, with taunting sneer,
"Say, is he still sincere
To his lov'd Flora?"
Parents upbraid my moan,
Each heart is turn'd to stone;
Ah, Flora, thou'rt now alone,
Friendless on Mora.

Come, then, O come away!
Donald, no longer stay!—
Where can my rover stray
From his lov'd Flora?
Ah, sure he ne'er could be
False to his vow and me!—
Oh, heavens, is not yonder he
Bounding o'er Mora!

"Never, O wretched fair,
Sigh'd the sad messenger,
Never shall Donald mair
Meet his lov'd Flora!
Cold as yon mountain snow
Donald, thy love, lies low,
He sent me to soothe thy woe,
Weeping in Mora.

Well fought our valiant slain
On Saratoga's plain;
Thrice fled the hostile train
From British Glory!
But, ah, though our foes did flee,
Sad was each victory,
Youth, love, and loyalty
Full far from Mora.

Here, take this love-wrought plaid,
Donald expiring said,
Give it to yon dear maid,
Drooping in Mora.
Tell her, O Allan, tell
Donald thus bravely fell,
And, in his last farewel,
He thought on his Flora."

Mute stood the trembling fair,
Speechless with wild despair,
Then, striking her bosom bare,
Sigh'd out poor Flora!
Ah, Donald! ah, well-a-day!
Was all the fond heart could say,
At length the sound died away
Feebly on Mora.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ADVICE TO THE EDITOR OF THE AURORA.

As you have, for some time, assumed the office, and rather imperiously exercised the functions of perpetual dictator to the good people of Pennsylvania, it may be proper to indicate to an attention so heedless as yours, that there are certain elements, in which you should be tolerably skilled, before you establish yourself over us, as our political schoolmaster.

As from a long and assiduous survey of your works, I have frequently found you not a little imperfect in orthography, a total stranger to grammar, and wholly averse to all purity of diction and elegance of stile, I strongly recommend to you the perusal of certain little volumes, written for the benefit of children and other pyros, by Mr. Thomas Dilworth, a *philosopher* of the sixteenth century.

The next science, in the order of the circle, to which I would direct your blundering steps, is *rhetoric*, which, you must know, is the art of speaking eloquently, and of investing your thoughts in colours, bright and clear. As I know that you flounder in the muddiness of your mind, and are extremely unhappy, both in the choice and perspicuity of your phrases, I would advise you to borrow a few hours from those which you dedicate to the silencing of Mr. Burr, or the solacing of your wife, and commit to memory, *Farnaby's* little system. Moreover, as I am told, you sometimes make an effort to speak in the primary assemblies, vulgarly called town meetings, and that your voice and periods are equally tuneless, perhaps some discipline of this kind may lash you into something, like a similitude of eloquence.

In *Logic*, you are so lame, that I am positive you are not equal to the management of a syllogism in *Bocardo*. Consult some of your *Low* German friends and borrow Burgersdyck, and Professor *Schiltenbrach* de Quidditate. From the leaden pages of laborious stupidity, your own cannot be encreased, and possibly you may learn in the art of reasoning, that some pains are necessary to establish the verity of your premises, before you suffer your zeal to hurry you to the conclusion. An important truth of which I am sorry to say, you are utterly regardless in all your speeches and writings.

With *Metaphysics*, I will not disturb a brain, so confused as yours; and in charity to your ignorance and incompetence, I will not lead them into a thorny thicket, where they would be miserably scratched, and instantly lose their way. I therefore pass on to *Ethics*; and here I am constrained to say that you will enter this region of science, as an utter stranger. You are not more an alien to America, than to your duties, as a man and a citizen; and such is my diffidence of your capacity, I know you must be frequently and severely *flogged*, before you will *get by heart*, the first lessons in this branch of your education.

Having thus suggested to you a course of studies, comprehending some of the initial sciences, I will reserve what I have to say to you upon mathematics, natural philosophy and theology, to another occasion. Of my didactics, I give you only a dose at a time, presuming that this is as much as so *weak* a *creature* can bear; and having thus prescribed what you will think sufficiently drastic, you have my permission to go "to breakfast with what appetite you may."

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[Whenever I read any article, illustrative of the character, or plausive of the fidelity, docility, sagacity, and kindly affections of the dog, my attention and pleasure are always kindled. I have a high value for this animal, and Swift could not more fondly extol the horse than I admire the dog. He runs mad, it is true, sometimes; but he is mischievous only, when his generous instinct is suspended. Unlike man, he is still constant and kind; and to a *liberal* naturalist, far from appearing degraded in the scale of being, he is a *beast* incomparably superior to either a Jacobin or an Atheist.]

INSTANCES OF SAGACITY IN DOGS.

FROM THE LONDON MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The horse, the cat, and, above all, the dog, is our friend and companion. This last animal emulates not only the mental powers of man, but even some of the human virtues. The amazing sagacity of the dog, his gratitude, his unshaken fidelity, that acute sense of shame which often betrays his faults, and that consciousness of good desert with which he comes to claim the reward of his services, all these circumstances approximate very closely to what we observe in the human character. These qualities, together with his great utility for various purposes, have rendered him the constant attendant and principal favorite of man. Every anecdote therefore that tends to elucidate the nature and powers of this very superior animal, must be particularly amusing and interesting to all the lovers of natural history. The following are completely authentic, which is, perhaps, one of the first recommendations to anecdotes of this nature...." A gentleman who usually spent the winter months in the capital of North Britain, having gone with his family to pass the summer at his country seat, left the care of his town residence, together with a favorite house-dog, to some servants, who were placed at board-wages. The dog soon found board-wages very short allowance; and to make up the deficiency, had recourse to the kitchen of a friend of his master's which in better days he had occasionally visited. By a hearty meal, which he received here daily, he was enabled to keep himself in good condition, till the return of his master's family to town on the approach of winter. Though now restored to the enjoyment of plenty at home, and standing in no need of foreign liberality he did not forget that hospitable kitchen where he had found a resourse in his adversity. A few days after, happening to saunter about the streets, he fell in with a duck, which, as he found it in no private pond, he probably concluded to be no private property. He snatched up the duck in his teeth, carried it to the kitchen where he had been so hospitably fed, laid it at the cook's feet with many polite movements of his tail, and then scampered off with much seeming complacency at having given this testimony of his grateful sense of favours."

The following anecdote is an instance of that sagacity and attachment which so justly contribute to make the dog our favourite...." Those valleys, or *glens*, as they are called by the natives, which intersect the Grampian mountains, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. The pastures, over which each flock is permitted to range, extend many miles in every direction. The shepherd never has a view of his whole flock at once, except when they are collected for the purpose of sale or shearing. His occupation is to make daily excursions to the different extremities of his pastures in succession; and to turn back, by means of his dog, any stragglers that may be approaching the boundaries of his neighbours. In one of these excursions, a shepherd happened to carry along with him one of his children, an infant about three years old. This is an usual practice among the Highlanders, who accustom themselves, from their earliest infancy, to endure the rigors of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time, attended by his dog, the shepherd found himself under the necessity of ascending a summit at some distance, to have a more extensive view of his range. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him on a small plain at the bottom, with strict injunctions not to stir from it till his return Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly darkened by one of those impenetrable mists, which frequently descend so rapidly amidsts these mountains, as in the space of a few minutes, almost to turn day to night. The anxious father instantly hastened back to find his child: but, owing to the unusual darkness, and his own trepidation he unfortunately missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless research of many hours amongst the dangerous morasses and cataracts, with which the mountains abound, he was at length overtaken by night. Still wandering on without knowing whither he at length came to the verge of the mist; and, by the light of the moon, discovered that he had reached the bottom of his valley, and was now within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the

* A retreat so named by the Lovers.

search that night was equally fruitless and dangerous. He was therefore obliged to return to his cottage, having lost both his child, and his dog who had attended him faithfully for years. Next morning by day-break, the shepherd, accompaned by a band of his neighbors, set out in search of his child; but, after a day spent in fruitless fatigue, he was at last compelled, by the approach of night, to descend from the mountain. On returning to his cottage, he found that the dog, which he lost before, had been home, and on receiving a piece of cake, had instantly gone off again. For several successive days the shepherd renewed the search for his child, and still returned at evening, disappointed, to his cottage, he found that the dog had been home, and on receiving his usual allowance of cake, had instantly disappeared.....Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home one day; and when the dog, as usual, departed with his piece of cake, he resolved to follow him and find out the cause of his strange procedure. The dog led the way to a cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. The banks of the cataract almost joined at the top, yet separated by an abyss of immense depth, presented that appearance which so often astonishes and appals the travellers that frequent the Grampian mountains; and indicates that these stupendous chasms were not the silent work of time, but the sudden effect of some violent convulsion of the earth....Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents, the dog began, with hesitation to make his way, and at last disappeared into a cave, the mouth of which was almost upon a level with the torrent. The shepherd, with difficulty, followed; but, on entering the cave, what were his emotions, when he beheld his infant eating, with much satisfaction, the cake which the dog had just brought him; whilst the faithful animal stood by eyeing his young charge with the utmost complacence! From the situation in which the child was found, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then either fallen or scrambled down till he reached the cave; which the dread of the torrent had afterwards prevented him from quitting. The dog by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot; and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up to him his own daily allowance He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when it was necessary to go for its food; and then he was always seen running at full speed to and from the cottage."

BIOGRAPHY.

THE LIFE OF FENELON.

(Concluded from our last.)

So great was the moderation of Fenelon, that he continued eight years at court, with no other benefice than a small priory, and without soliciting any mark of favour. At length the king bestowed upon him the abbey of St. Valery, accompanied with an excuse for having so long neglected him, and for giving him so small a piece of preferment. Not long afterwards he promoted him to the archbishopric of Cambray; and when Fenelon declined accepting it, lest he should not be able to reconcile the duties of his diocese with the functions of his preceptorship, the king assured him, that as the education of the princes was almost concluded, he might pass nine months in the year at Cambray. On accepting this promotion he resigned the abbey of Valery; and when the king pressed him to retain it, he answered, that "as the revenues of the archbishopric were fully adequate to his expences, he had no right to keep what would be the means of providing for a deserving person." But while this virtuous prelate was giving these proofs of his moderation and disinterestedness, and was preparing a king for his country, he was suddenly removed from his office, and banished from court.

Several causes contributed to his digrace. Perfection is not the portion of mankind; and even the most exalted characters are not exempted from the foibles incident to our nature. Yet it may be remarked with truth, that not unfrequently those very foibles, which bring down men of the greatest capacity to a level with the common race of mortals, render them more interesting, particularly when they proceed from extreme sensibility, or from goodness of heart. Such were the foibles of Fenelon. He was captivated with the visionary and enthusiastic tenets of the celebrated madame de Guion, a woman of an exalted imagination, and of irreproachable character; whose spiritual ideas of devotion he supported, in the conferences held at Issy to condemn them, and in a book entiled An Explanation of the Maxims of the Saints, without mentioning her name. The publication of this book occasioned his religious principles to be suspected; a sudden and violent clamour was raised against the author, Fenelon was publicly accused of fanaticism and quietism, and the cause was carried to Rome, to be decided by the Pope.

To enter into a minute detail of the theological disputes which this controversy occasioned, would be highly uninteresting: it will be sufficient to observe, that the opinions of Fenelon, however exalted and extravagant, were the effusions of a pure heart and warm imagination; the opinions of a man, who, himself disinterested, described the love of God as highly pure, to be entertained for the sake of God alone, without the least regard to our own happiness, nor even to our salvation and condemnation.

His mystic opinions, however, were not the sole reason of his disgrace: the education which Fenelon gave to the duke of Burgundy, was an indirect disapprobation of the conduct of Louis the fourteenth. The noble principles of government inculcated in Telemachus, deeply wounded the heart of that proud monarch, who saw, or thought he saw, the secret censures of his despotism and ambition; and it was justly remarked, that the heresy of the archbishop of Cambray was in politics, and not in theology.

Fenelon supported the persecution with equal firmness and moderation. While he persevered in disavowing the consequences which had been drawn from his principles; while he persisted in refusing to make a recantation, which might have prevented his disgrace; he declared, that although he could never be induced to yield to his adversaries, who gave a false interpretation of his doctrines, he would not resist the authority of the see of Rome, which had the right to judge his opinions. He expected that decision, with the most profound submission; he neither complained of the virulent abuses thrown out against him, nor of the intrigues employed to disgrace him; and even forbade his agent at Rome, to employ intrigue against intrigue; he himself never descended to invective or altercation; and when Bossuet called him an heretic and a blasphemer, he mildly replied, "why do you load me with abuse, instead of argument? Is it because you take my arguments for abuse?"

But all his services were forgotten; he received an order to retire to Cambray; his friends were exiled; his relations deprived of their employments. The decree of his condemnation was extorted from Rome with such modifications, that the inexorable Bossuet complained, that it was not sufficiently severe. His enemies did not yet consider their triumph as complete, but in continuing their persecution, they did not foresee, that they were preparing for him a still more glorious triumph. While the spirit of discord was diffused among the members of the church; while the example of resistance was common, and the example of obedience rare; Fenelon ascended the pulpit, announced his own condemnation and submission, exhorted all persons of his diocess, as well as all christians, to submit as he submitted; he checked the zeal of those who wished to defend him and to attack the decision of the see of Rome; and added, that a shepherd ought to be as submissive as the least of his flock.

Fenelon passed the last sixteen years of his life at his diocess, fulfilling every duty of his high station in the most exemplary manner. He not only performed the usual functions of his episcopal office, but exercised even the duties of an ordinary priest, confessing and regulating the consciences of several of the laity, who placed themselves under his direction. Many of the letters which he wrote on those occasions, were published after his death, and proved a perfect knowledge of the windings and turnings of the human heart, a pure and unaffected piety, and a great mildness towards the defects of others.

Convinced from his own experience in the education of the duke of Burgundy, of the imperious force of education, he removed from Valenciennes to Cambray, the seminary for the instruction of persons in his diocese designed for holy orders. He frequently assisted at the examinations, and himself questioned each candidate, before he ordained him: he explained to the students every week the principles of religion; exhorted them to lay before him any difficulties or objections which occcurred to them; listened to them with patience, and answered them with candour and mildness. Ramsay, his disciple and biographer, who was frequently present at these conferences, does not know which to admire most, his extreme condescension, or the sublimity of his discourses.

He preached frequently, during his visitations, and always adapted his discourses to the capacity of his hearers. That voice which had charmed the court of Louis the fourteenth; that genius which had enlightened Europe, addressed itself to peasants and mechanics; and no style was foreign to him in his endeavours to instruct and improve mankind.

Ramsay has related various anecdotes of this amiable prelate, during his residence at Cambray, which prove the benevolence and excellency of his character. A clergyman of his diocess boasted in his presence, that he had abolished the dances of peasants on festivals and holidays: "My good friend," returned Fenelon, "let us not dance ourselves, but let us permit those poor creatures to dance; for why should we deprive them of the momentary satisfaction of forgetting their wretchedness?" He frequently in his walks visited the peasants, and not only comforted and assisted them in their weaknesses, but conversed with them in the most familiar manner, and partook of their scanty fare. After his death, many of them preserved the chairs in which he had sat, as relics; and would point them out to their family with a melancholy pleasure; "Behold the wooden chairs in which our good archbishop was wont to sit in the midst of our families; alas, he now no longer exists but in our memory." Having lost his library by fire, "I had much rather," he said, "that my books should be destroyed, than the cabin of a poor family." In one of his rambles he observed a peasant in great distress, and demanding the cause,—"Alas," returned the peasant, "I am just driven from my cottage by the enemy; and had not time to save a cow which supported my family with her milk; the enemy has carried her away, and I shall never find another." Fenelon instant-

ly departed in company with a single domestic, and under favour of his passport, found the cow after much trouble, and brought her back to the peasant.

His charity was confined only by the wants of the necessitous. That part of his revenue which was not appropriated to the expence of his own household, he gave to hospitals and nunneries, for the education of persons destined for the church; and relieved in secret, persons of condition, who, reduced from affluence to extreme poverty, could not submit to demand contributions.

But a greater and more public theatre presented itself to the sensibility of Fenelon. The army in Flanders, the only defence of the kingdom, was unprovided with sufficient magazines, and became incapable of acting. Fenelon opened his granaries, and set the example of disinterested liberality, which was followed by the neighbouring districts; the troops were supplied; and Flanders saved. After the battle of Malplaquet, he filled his palace and the seminary with the sick and wounded officers, supplied them with all kind of necessaries, and even hired apartments for those whom he could not receive. Nor was his palace only open to persons of distinction; it was no less the asylum of the poor inhabitants of the neighbouring villages, who were driven from their habitations at the approach of the enemy, and took refuge in Cambray. The benevolent prelate presided at the consultations of the physicians; and attended and comforted the sick. Who can hear, without a mixture of affection and respect for his memory, such traits of a prelate, venerable from age, rank, and understanding, distributing like a beneficent angel, among the unfortunate sufferers, succours and consolations; and giving the most touching examples of those virtues, which he had already inculcated in the most affecting lessons!

Nor was the veneration for this excellent prelate confined to the French armies. Eugene and Marlborough paid a homage to his exalted character, by sending detachments of troops to guard his estates from pillage, and by ordering grain for his use to be escorted to the gates of Cambray. The officers also of the allied armies repeatedly assured him, that he might travel throughout his diocess, without incurring the smallest danger; and should be provided with an escort, whenever he judged it necessary.

If he obtained, merely by the fame of his virtues, such an ascendency over those to whom he was unknown, how greatly must he have been adored by those who approached his person! We can easily credit, from the perusal of his works and letters, all the homage which his contemporaries paid to the charms of his society, the fascination of his manners, and the excellence of his character. A temper always mild and serene; a polite yet simple address; an animated conversation; a mild cheerfulness tempering the dignity of his station; a religious zeal highly tinctured with enthusiasm, yet unaccompanied with the bitterness of fanaticism; a wonderful perspicuity of expression in explaining the most abstruse and difficult subjects: these were the qualities which rendered him the object of regard and admiration. He possessed the talent of reducing himself to a level with persons of all capacities, and never to appear anxious to display the superiority of his own understanding: his great talents and profound learning, instead of filling him with pride and superciliousness, rendered him more humble and unassuming in his compositions. He paid extreme deference to the opinion of those whom he consulted, and effaced or corrected sentiments or passages, without the smallest contradiction, or attachment to his own ideas. "I have often," adds his biographer, "more admired his docility in adopting corrections, than his fertility in composing."

The enemies of Fenelon, who persecuted him even in his retirement, have asserted that his humility under his disgrace was feigned, and only a cover to his ambition; and that he regretted the court; as if it were possible for a man not to regret a place where he had many friends; in which he had formed the duke of Burgundy, on whom he doated, as the work of his own hands; as if it were possible to love disgrace, and quit the certain prospect of power and consequence,

"Nor cast
"One longing lingering look behind."

While Fenelon was thus employing his great talents in the duties of his station, and in alleviating the miseries of mankind, the time was approaching, when he was likely to see his royal pupil practise those great maxims of government which he had inculcated. The dauphin dying in 1711, the duke of Burgundy became the heir apparent; the advanced age, and increasing infirmities, of Louis the fourteenth, rendered the prospect of his accession to the throne no distant event; the new monarch would undoubtedly have raised his preceptor to the highest place in the administration of affairs; and that virtuous prelate, who had enlightened the world by his precepts, would have served his country by carrying those precepts into execution. The duke of Burgundy had always considered his venerable preceptor in the light of a father and a friend. In the height of his disgrace when it was dangerous even to mention his name at court, his amiable pupil thus wrote to him:

"At last, my dear archbishop, I find an opportunity of breaking the silence which I have been constrained to keep during four years. I have since suffered many evils; but one of the greatest has been, my not being able to prove to you what I felt on your account during this interval; and how greatly my friendship has increased instead of being lessened by your misfortunes. I look forward with delight to the time when I shall be able to see you; but I fear that this time is still very distant. I was greatly shocked at the treatment which you have met with, but we must submit to the Divine will, and believe that whatever happens is for the best.—Versailles, Dec. 22, 1710."

When he passed through Cambray in his way to the army in Flanders, which he was destined to command, he said to Fenelon, "I know how much I am indebted to you, and you know what I am." And when a new edition of Telemachus was presented to him, he exclaimed, "My whole glory shall consist in reigning over my people, according to the precepts of Mentor."

But all these fond hopes were annihilated by the premature death of his amiable pupil in 1712. Though he bore this afflicting stroke with the most perfect resignation, yet the loss of the object, whom he loved with more than parental affection, and under whose future auspices he fondly expected to see his country recovering from a long series of calamities, deeply afflicted him. It was then, that borne down with the weight of sorrows, he exclaimed, 'All my ties are broken!'

He survived this irreparable loss three years, lingering, as it was truly said of him, rather than living on earth. In the commencement of 1715, he was attacked with an inflammation of the lungs, which brought on a violent fever, and was accompanied with the most excruciating pains. He bore his sickness with christian resignation, equally removed from timid superstition or philosophic indifference, and died with the composed tranquillity of a good man, who sees in death the instant in which virtue is going to approach the throne of grace. Almost his last words were expressions of respect for the king, who had disgraced him; and for the church, which had condemned him; and in the agonies of death, he offered up his last address to his Maker, "Thy will and not mine be done." He was at the same time so generous, so disinterested, and so economical, that he died without debts as without wealth, and left only sufficient to defray the expenses of his funeral. The relations of Fenelon placed on his monument a tedious and cold inscription, which affected to enumerate all his dignities, all his virtues, and all his talents.—D'Alembert proposed to replace it with the following epitaph:

*Sous cette pierre repose Fenelon.—Passant, n'efface point par tes pleurs cette epitaphe, afin que d'autres la lisent et pleurent comme toi.**

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

William Putney was indicted for an assault upon Peter Callander. The defendant was foreman to Mrs. Bridges, chimney-sweeper, in Swallow-street.

Mr. Silvester, Counsel for the prosecution, opening the case, related the facts as follows: Callander is a young boy, eight years of age. The child had lost its way in the streets of London last June. Mrs. Bridges was informed of the situation of this boy, and enticed him into her house. She never told him of her intention to make him a chimney-sweep. He was in her house for three weeks before she discovered her designs to him. She then began to initiate him in her profession, and, for that purpose, desired the foreman to take him up stairs to practise. Being unable to do his business properly, the defendant pulled him by the ears, and beat him with his hands. This did not satisfy his cruelty: he sent a boy for a cane, struck him severely with it after stripping him naked, and said that he would flog the rascal till he could not stand. The boy was afterwards confined in a cellar, and again beaten. In a day or two after, owing to the ill usage which he had received, he left the house, but was caught in Wise-street, by the defendant, who applied a knotted rope to his shoulders, and scourged him all the way home; at which, when he arrived, he was ordered to get up the chimney. He stuck, and could not proceed farther (or, as the cant term is, piked it). The defendant being enraged at this piking, pricked him with a needle fastened at the end of a rod, to quicken his ascent.

Peter Callander, the boy, said that his father was a blacksmith in London, that he had lived with his grandfather at Exeter for some time: that after he returned to his father he was ill used by him, and therefore left his house. He was three days upon the streets begging. At length he was picked up by Mrs. Bridges, near the Chapel in Swallow-street; that he had been for two or three days in the house before he was ill used; that he was not only beaten by the defendant, as mentioned by the Counsel in the opening; but that his mistress sometimes belaboured him with a stick, which used to stand by her bed side.

Robert Yetts said, that he was an apprentice to Mrs. Bridges: that he saw Callander in Swallow-street last June: that he informed his mistress of his situation; that she inquired how tall he was, and after knowing his height said, that he would do for a sweep in winter. She brought the boy home gave him bread and butter, and told him that she would employ him in going messages. In a few days after the defendant took

* Under this stone reposes Fenelon.—Passenger, do not efface with thy tears this inscription, that others may read and weep like thee.

him to St. George's Church, Hanover square to climb upon the outside of it, and thereby learn his business....The boy was very much afraid, as he certainly would have been killed if his foot had slipped....There were pikes immediately below the place where he was climbing. He was taken down by the interference of several people who gave him money; some a shilling, some sixpence and others halfpence; the half of these went to the defendant. When he went home he was shut up in the cellar: as they were preparing to whip him, he cried out that he would kiss them all if they would spare him: but his cries had no effect, and he was beaten three different times with rods, which the defendant ordered the witness to buy.

Mrs. Wilson said, that she heard the screams of a boy in Mrs. Bridges's house on the 25th of september last. She went into the house, but when they heard her, they desisted; she returned to her own house; but being alarmed by the cries of the child, she went to Mrs. Bridges's house, where she received a great deal of abuse from the defendant; she took Callander home with her, and sent for a Beadle and constable to secure the defendant.

The defendant could say little to palliate his cruelty; but that he under acted orders of his mistress...He was found Guilty; but the sentence was deferred.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM DR. FRANKLIN, SILAS DEAN, ARTHUR LEE, &c.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

[The ensuing billets, though of trivial moment, are necessary to the perspicuity and integrity of the correspondence. On the ensuing week, we shall present letters more important.]

SIR, *London, April* 20, 1776.

Mr. Thomas Storey informs me, that he left with you two letters, one addressed to Mrs. Hannah Philippa Lee, to the care of Alderman Lee, merchant, London; the other to Arthur Lee, Esqr. London, &c.

You will have the goodness to enclose them on the receipt of this, to Mr. Thomas Browne, merchant, Gould-square, Crutched Friars, London.

Mr. Storey informs me, that your letter to me was taken from him. I shall take care to establish some safe mode of conducting the correspondence with which you wished to honor me. The only ray of wisdom or prudence that seems to come from our wretched ministers, is to intercept all letters, which are in the least suspicious; and that seems prompted more by contemptible curiosity, or despicable enmity against individuals, than by the great lines of political prudence.

I have the honor of being your most obdt. servt.

Mr. Dumas. ARTHUR LEE.

—

London, April 23, 1776.

SIR,

I wrote you on the 20th ult. to entreat the favor of your sending the letters, which Mr. Storey left with you, &c. enclosed to Mr. Thomas Browne, merchant, &c. London, by post. If you should not have acted in consequence of that letter, before the receipt of this, I beg the favor of you to enclose them to Mr. Edward Browne, merchant, No. 3, Cross-lane, Tower street, London, and to commit them either to a trading vessel or to the post, as you shall think most expeditious. Should you send them by a trading vessel, you will be so good as to favor me with a line by post, according to the last address, apprising me of what you have done, and mentioning the *Cypher* in which you would wish to correspond, as Mr. Storey informs me, you think that the safest.

I have the honor of being,
Sir, your most obt. servt.

Mr. Dumas. ARTHUR LEE.

May 21, 1776.

SIR,

Every thing is safe. I shall write you fully, next week, by our friend Storey. One Portalez, will apply to you on business that concerns our friend S——. He has your address, be so good as to assist him.

I have the honor of being, Sir,
Your most obedient servant.
ARTHUR LEE.

Storey goes from hence directly to Ameriea. A French gentleman named Portalez, having something to negotiate for the Congress, in Holland, I have given him your address.

June 11.—The arrival of reinforcements to the garrison of Quebec, before the besiegers were joined by those sent to their assistance, obliged them to raise the siege, and retire to join the main army. I shall be glad to hear from you when you have any thing of importance. Our friend S——y, desires to be remembered to you with great esteem.

Viyman will not do. The letter was opened.

Adieu,
ARTHUR LEE.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Proposals have been isued by Benjainm Johnson, No. 31, High-Street, Philadelphia, for printing by subscription, (in four handsome octavo volumes) the Holy Bible, containing the Old and New Testaments.

Conditions—It shall be printed on a superfine wove paper, and a neat type

The price to subscribers, for the four volumes, handsomely bound and lettered, will be ten dollars, and in boards, eight dollars, payable on delivery.—Those who choose their copies in boards, may have the volumes as they are printed, paying two dollars for each volume, when delivered.*

Those who subscribe for ten copies, or procure ten subscribers. and become responsible for the payment, shall be entitled to a copy for their trouble.

The publisher states, That the advantages of having this invaluable book printed on a large type, and at the same time in portable, and convenient volumes, appear so evident, that he is induced to hope he will meet with that encouragement from his friends and the public, which is necessary to warrant him in an undertaking of such magnitude. He is of opinion, that in many instances, even among those who are in the practice of reading the Scriptures, a portable volume of this kind would often be taken up, in a moment of leisure, when the size of a large, unwieldy one, would operate as an apology for leaving it unopened; thus scraps of time would be profitably employed, which might otherwise be totally lost. In large families, a Bible in volumes, affording an opportunity for several to read at once, may sometimes be peculiarly convenient. It seems superfluous to add much on this subject—suffice it to say, that no reasonable expense or pains shall be spared, to render this edition of the Holy Scripturrs both correct and elegant.

Those who have seen an edition of Cowper's Poems, just published by R. Johnson, may form a better judgment of what are the intentions of the publisher, when they are informed that this edition of the Bible is contemplated to equal that in paper and printing.

* The mode of doing up well printed books in boards, besides affording an opportunity to the owner, of having them bound in the manner most agreeable to himself, allows time for the ink to become perfectly dry and hard, so that the book may be bound compactly and well, without smutting and disfigouring the pages, which is often the case, when they are bound immediately on coming from the press.

In our brief notice of the progress of Literature in this country, no circumstance is a source of more pleasurable emotion, than the general disposition, which has, for a long season, been manifested, on the part of enterprizing booksellers, and an encouraging public, to print and to peruse, the multiplied copies of Sacred History. While this disposition continues, in despite of the arts of infidelity, or the uproar of faction, we are not wholly without hope, that religion "pure and undefiled" will abide in our land, though *christianity forms no part of its law!*

Mr. JAMES HUMPHREYS, one of the most assiduous of our booksellers, in his care to republish valuable works, intends, we understand, if justified by an adequate subscription, to print elegantly in a portable volume, the "Juvenilia" of Mr. HUNT.

Mr. Humphreys has published a useful and popular manual, entitled "The Town and Country Friend and Physician, or an affectionate address on the preservation of Health"—

"Be timely wise,
With health, all taste of pleasure flies."

This appears to be a perspicuous epitome of what Armstrong, Willich and others, have more copiously insisted on, as vital to our physical well-being; and even in this miniature volume, the most careless eyes may discern many a practical rule to secure what the ancient so tersely taught us to pray for, the *mind serene and the body robust.*

MISCELLANEOUS PARAGRAPHS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

The Editors of the GAZETTE of the UNITED STATES, during a long period of able exertion, have adopted a plan, similar to one of the most useful in the political departments of "The ANTI JACOBIN, or Weekly Examiner," the best production, in the form of a newspaper, that was ever edited. This plan consists of a regular, systematic, and unwearied warfare with Democratic profligacy, folly and falshood. To expose every foible, to refute every sophism, to discover every plot, and to detect every lie, which party weakness may betray, or Jacobinical audacity hazard, is a most laborious, virtuous, and salutary task, and is now in successful train in the capital of Pennsylvania, the head-quarters of every imported rascal, who has exchanged the prisons of Europe for the politics of America. The good fruits of the industry, research, acumen and ingenuity, exhibited in this "Gazette," have been equally copious and wholesome, and many have had their eyes opened, and have learned to know political good from evil.

An Editor of a paper is like a witness in a court of Justice. Unless wilfully perjured, he is an useful and necessary reporter of what he has seen and heard; or, to change the allusion, when, with the integrity of a grand juror, he presents things truly, as they come to his knowledge, he renders the most substantial service to society. As such a Journalist, from the extensiveness of his views, while standing at the avenue of public opinion, is pre-eminently useful as a watchman, if not a defender, so an Editor of a contrary description, is one of the most execrable nuisances which can pollute a neighbourhood, or offend both the common and moral sense of a nation. Now, there is an Editor, a *Foreigner*, in this city, who, in the paroxysm of Democratic rage, wilfully perjures himself in his public testimony, respecting AMERICAN events, and AMERICAN characters. The conductor of the Aurora is notorious for "saying the thing which is not." That this is a habit, deliberately superinduced for the most infamous and Jacobinical purposes, is notorious to the leaders of his

own party. Falshood is not necessary to incite, nor spurious logic to cajole *them*. To madden the multitude, to catch gulls, to beguile remote readers, who have not the ready means of detection; to irritate the discontent of the idle in the city, and cheat the credulity of the ignorant in the field, is the daily service of Duane.

For the salutary purpose of overthrowing this accursed and Jacobinical system, shall we employ our pens; and, however fruitless or unsupported our toil, we shall not slacken the hand, or faint at heart, while there remains one honest and gallant spirit in the country. The din of Democracy does not stun the Editor. The calumny of *convicts* and *liars* by *profession*, neither tarnishes character, nor terrifies conscience.—Against the ribald jests, the witless banter, the obstinate and persevering falshoods, and the whole *political system*, at once foolish and flagitious, of the Democrats, we pledge the exercise of our industry and ZEAL. Though diffident of the strength or temper of our own weapons, we are confident in our cause, and proud of our auxiliaries. We may be ill-fated and powerless, but *they* will always inscribe victory on their shield. Though the genius, the talents, and the virtues of this country may be obscured in this dim eclipse, in this disastrous twilight of our nation, yet will these planetary powers be, at length *lords of the ascendant*. By the ingratitude, perfidy and levity of the populace, the *weak* and the *wicked* have gained a momentary triumph. But weakness and wickedness will prove "unstable, as water," and the valiant, the stedfast, and the wise, will prove "more than conquerors!"

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Dr. Barrow, in his excellent Essay on Education, remarks, that in "Sheridan's lectures on the art of reading," is a compliment to the English language so just, so classical, and so consonant to his own sentiments, that he cannot deny himself the the satisfaction of quoting, nor the reader the benefit of perusing it. On enquiry, it would be found, says he, that probably in no language in the world, have the vowels, dipthongs, semi-vowels and mutes, been so happily blended, and in such due proportion to constitute the three great powers of speech: melody, harmony, and expression. Upon a fair comparison, it would appear that the French have emasculated their tongue, by rejecting such numbers of their consonants, and made it resemble one of their painted courtezans, adorned with frippery. That the German, by abounding too much in harsh gutturals and consonants, has great size and strength, like the statue of Hercules Farnese, but no grace. That the Roman, like the bust of Antinous, is beautiful, indeed, but not manly. That the Italian has beauty, grace, and symmetry, like the Venus of Medicis, but is feminine; and that the English alone resembles the ancient Greek, in uniting the three powers of strength, beauty, and grace, like the Apollo of Belvidere.

—

An agreeable and recent writer, who, leaving castles and ghosts to shift for themselves, has judiciously directed his pen to record the instructive events and practical lessons of domestic life, prefixes, with exquisite propriety, the following motto to his novel—

—— Avaunt all ye,
Who love to hear of some *prodigious* tale,
The bell that *toll'd alone*, or *Irish whale*.
From Dryden's Prologue to Cesar Borgia.

—

A certain novel writer takes an opportunity in one of his volumes, where he abuses the trade of an author, to introduce Job, saying, "O that mine enemy had written a book!" which he affirms to be the bitterest wish that ever fell from lips. This may, or may not, be his opinion, says a London wit; but I differ with him as to the imprecation, and think he himself might have equalled, nay improved its severity, by this slight alteration: Oh! that mine enemy were obliged to *read my book*! That would indeed have been a job for Job himself.

—

THE VILLAGE BARBER,

PARODIED FROM THE STARVED APOTHECARY.

I do remember a Village Barber—
At the long pole he lives; whom late I noted
On greasy strap, with ever ready hand,
Setting his razors; mellow was his voice,
For many a pot of ale had wet his whistle.
Around his walls were smutty baliads stuck,
Prints of bold admirals, and ladies' heads
Of ill-shap'd fashions; and in his window
An old tye wig in buckle, a new-made bob,
Pomatum-pots, rollers, and musty perfumes,
Remnants of stumps, a broken case of lancets,
Leeches and genuine corn-salve made a show.
Noting his flippancy, to myself I said,
An' if a man did wish to hear a lie,
Secrets of families, or affairs of State,
Here lives an oily rogue will tell it him.
Being Saturday his frouzy shop is full;
And he is shaving louts by dozens. [*Lond. pap.*

—

The Duke of Queensberry drives about the streets with his head so muffled up, that his friends familiarly salute him, in the words of Darby, "Good morrow to your night-cap." [ib.

—

Sir Charles Sedley has admirably expressed the sentiments of exalted and pure affection, in the following bewitching lines:

Phillis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry, from thy hand,
More real pleasure would afford,
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learnt to live,
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

—

TO HOPE.

Ah, woe is me! from day to day
I drag a life of pain and sorrow:
Yet still, sweet Hope, I hear thee say
"Be calm, thine ills will end to-morrow."
The morrow comes, but brings to me
No charm disease or grief relieving!
And am I ever doom'd to see,
Sweet Hope, thy promises deceiving?

Yet, false and cruel as thou art,
Thy dear delusions will I cherish;
I cannot, dare not, with thee part,
Since *I*, alas! with *thee* must perish.

—

ON A BUTTERFLY,

Which came forth, from its chrysalis, in a lady's hand,

By Dr. Shaw.

Born in Aspasia's fostering hand,
My finish'd form I first display'd;
And felt my plumy wings expand
While gazing on the beauteous maid.

No sunshine glow'd upon the scene,
With kindly warmth those wings to dry,
Yet fair each painted pinion grew
Beneath the lustre of her eye.

No zephyr rose with gentle gale,
To fill my infant frame with air,
But fann'd by fair Aspasia's breath,
The zephyr's gale I well might spare.

No rose, no lilly, near me grew,
On which my downy limbs might rest,
But these in brighter tints I found
On the fair virgin's cheek and breast.

Thus Nature, with indulgent care,
Propitious grac'd my natal hour,
And with superior sweetness gave
The gale, the sunshine, and the flow'r.

—

THE FAIR EQUIVOQUE.

AN EPIGRAM.

As blooming Harriet mov'd along,
The fairest of the beauteous throng,
The beaux gaz'd on with admiration,
Avow'd, by many an exclamation,
What form! what *naivete*! what grace!
What roses deck that Grecian face!
"Nay, Dashwood cries, that bloom's not Harriet's
'Twas bought at Reynolds', More's, or Marriot's
And, though you own her face untainted,
I swear, by G—, your beauty's painted."
A wager instantly was laid,
And Ranger sought the lovely maid;
The pending bet he soon reveal'd,
Nor even the impious oath conceal'd.
Confus'd her cheek bore witness true,
By turns the roses came and flew.
"Your bet, she said, is rudely odd—
But I am painted, sir—*by* God!"

—

The following, from Cunningham, a distinguished pastoral poet, though it present a face of Satire against the mutual perjury of lovers, will suggest topics of consolation to many a disappointed Amandus and Amanda.

Palemon in the hawthorn bower,
With fond impatience lay;
He counted every anxious hour
That stretch'd the tedious day,
The rosy dawn Pastora nam'd,
And vow'd that she'd be kind,
But, ah, the setting Sun proclaim'd
That women's vows are wind.

The fickle sex the boy defy'd,
And swore, in terms profane,
That beauty, in her greatest pride,
Might sue to him in vain.
When Delia, from the neighbouring glade,
Appear'd, in all her charms,
Each angry vow, Palemon made,
Was lost in Delia's arms!

The lovers had not long reclin'd,
Before Pastora came;
Inconstancy, she cry'd, I find
In every heart's the same,
For young Alexes sigh'd and press'd,
With such bewitching power,
I quite forgot the *wishing guest*,
That waited in the bower.

—

The following exquisite verses are from one of the imaginative Orientals, and are copied from Professor Carlyle's specimens of Arabian Poetry. The image in the *last* stanza, is one of the happiest and most delicate inventions to be found in the compass of Poetry.

LINES,

Written in the woody Vale of Bozra.

The intertwining boughs for thee
Have wove, sweet dell, a verdant vest;
And thou, in turn, shall give to me
A verdant couch upon thy breast.

To shield me from Day's fervid glare
Thine oaks their fostering arms extend,
As, anxious o'er her infant care
I've seen a watchful mother bend.

A brighter cup, a sweeter draught
I gather from that rill of thine,
Than maddening topers ever quaff'd,
Than all the treasures of the vine.

So smooth the pebbles on its shore,
That not a maid can hither stray,
But counts her string of JEWELS o'er
And thinks the PEARLS have slipp'd away.

—

Asses Milk.—Two Brothers, not much distinguished for brilliancy, observed to Charles Bannister, that, on account of their health, they were going into the country to drink Asses milk—"Save yourselves the expence," said Charles, "and *suck one another!*" [London paper.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

Hapless the bard, whose temper ne'er inclines
To elogies; he with Duke Humphrey dines.
And most unhappy of his fellow men,
Who handles Satire's keen, but honest pen.
Ah! such am I! though deeds of glory fire
My breast, they ne'er my sullen Muse inspire.
Vainly I strive th' acknowledg'd worth to sing
Of ADAMS, PINCKNEY, HAMILTON, or KING:
From WASHINGTON'S blest dust, unhail'd, might rise
A second phenix to our raptur'd eyes.
But when to satire's strains the lyre I sound,
Each word, spontaneous, in its place is found.
Was I to paint a wretch of groveling mind,
Callous to shame, and to conviction blind,
A lying knave, a renegado loon,
Who struts a *captain*, though a low poltroon,*
A blundering blockhead, ignorant as vain,
I'd name, without a moment's pause, D——.
A *patriot* do I seek, by interest led
From whig to tory, fed to anti-fed;
An office-hunting wight, the public jest,
Who deem'd the strongest party ever best;
Prone to allusions trite, and ancient saws,
Behold wide-grinning C....'s lanthorn jaws.
At yonder table sits, with phiz profound,
A youth, for algebraic skill renown'd;
Whose noddle unknown quantities combines,
Roots, co-efficients, fractions, surds, and signs;
By *geometric series* oft he traces
The *sum* of votes, or *difference* of *places;*
Or wiser still he tells, by an *equation*,
What measures suit the welfare of the nation.
Ah! should he live, the world will loudly say,
Blind †Saunderson may yield to blinder C....
Am I to write of sordid gain the lust,
Which urg'd a Guardian to betray his trust,
And left an orphan maid, to affluence born,
The prey to toiling penury and scorn;
My eye, like lightning, glances through the tribe,
And sternly fixes on the scoundrel L.....
Must I a jacobin pourtray, they stand
In dark array, a curse upon our land;
Few native sons; but, stain'd with many a crime,
They come, the *outcasts* of each *distant* clime;
With brawling arts they soon beguile the herd,
Are prais'd and courted, cherish'd and preferr'd;
When, by the mass, each rogue deserves the halter,
From scowling Albert, down to sniveling S.....r.
Prudence avaunt! the hate of fools I'll brave,
Remove the vizor from each crafty knave;
And when I cease to satirize through fear,
Dub me 'No Gentleman,' or 'Cavalier.'

MERCUTIO.

* Our readers may recollect the *captain's* heroic tameness, when receiving chastisement for his base libel on the volunteer troop of horse—and his flight from Mr. R. W. on another occasion.

† Saunderson, the celebrated Algebraist, was born blind.

RESIGNATION.

To our God, transcending praise,
Hymns of adoration raise,
He refuses not to hear
Breathings of the soul sincere:

If thro' life's unclouded day
Glide thy tranquil hours away,
Thank thy God; for surely know
'Tis from him thy blessings flow.

Does affliction's tempest spread
Thick and thicker round thy head?
Trust in him; his potent arm
Can the threatening storm disarm:
In the very stripes we feel
Rests a balm of power to heal,
Ev'n his chosen children prove
These chastizing marks of love.

HARLEY.

THE LOVER'S SOLILOQUY.

Love conquers all, and we must yield to Love.
VIRGIL.

It must be so.....Virgil, thou reason'st well,
Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This ardent longing for a gentle help-mate?
Or whence this secret dread, this deep dislike
Of suffering a repulse? Why shrinks the mind
Back on itself, and fears a disappointment?
'Tis Love's divinity that stirs within us,
'Tis Cupid's self points out a social life,
And intimates connubial leagues to man.....
Connubial leagues! delightful, anxious thought,
Extensive theme, where contemplation roves
At will, and wanders on from doubt to doubt,
Nor finds a clue to guide her wilder'd way.
Here will I hold! if sex were made for sex,
(And that they were, all nations cry aloud
With one consent) Virtue delights in marriage,
And that which she delights in must be happy.
But when or where? A single life deceives us,
Holds out false joys, and gives us thorns for roses.
I'm weary of conjectures; this must end them.
(Holds up a ring)
Thus am I doubly arm'd, fetters and freedom,
Husband and bachelor are both before me:
The former promises unceasing pleasure,
The latter whispers—Pleasure flies with freedom.
Banish the thought! The soul at ease reposes
On love's soft plumes, and fearless of the future,
Wings its unerring way where Hymen stands,
His torches lighted, and his train attending:
No more I doubt; the sight invigorates
My drooping thoughts, and fires my ardent senses!
Gay youth shall vanish soon, each jovial scene
Shall lose its relish, and the vacant soul
Sated shall own....I have no pleasure in them;
But love, by Hymen sanction'd, still shall flourish,
Shall glow thro' youth, and warm the frost of age
With vigour not its own, nor sink at last
Till Death's chill dart shall pierce the quivering breast.

HARLEY.

SELECTED POETRY.

DIRECTIONS FOR A TEA VASE.

BY THE LATE DR. DARWIN.

Friend Boulton! take these ingots fine,
From rich Potosi's sparkling mine;
With your nice art a Tea Vase mould,
Your art, more valued than the gold;
And where proud Radbourne's turrets rise,
To bright Eliza send the prize.
I'll have no serpents round it kiss
The foaming wave, and seem to hiss;
No Naiads weep, no Sphynxes stare,
No tail-hung Dolphins high in air.
Let wreaths of myrtle round the rim,
And twisting rose-buds form the brim.
Each side let woodbine stalks descend,
And form the handles as they bend;
While at the foot a Cupid stands,
And twines the wreaths with both his hands.
Perch'd on the rising lid above,
Oh! place a love-lorn turtle dove,
With hanging wings and ruffled plume,
And gasping beak, and eye of gloom.
Last, let the swelling vases shine,
With silver white and burnish fine;
Bright as the font whose banks beside
Narcissus gazed, and loved and died.
Vase! when Eliza deigns to pour,
With snow-white hand, thy boiling show'r,
And sweetly talks, and smiles, and sips
Thy fragrant stream with ruby lips;
More charms thy polish'd front shall shew,
Than ever Titian's pencil drew;
More than his chisel soft unfurl'd,
Whose heaven-wrought statue charms the world.

ODE TO MELANCHOLY.

BY MRS RADCLIFF.

Spirit of love and sorrow—hail!
Thy solemn voice from far I hear,
Mingling with evening's dying gale!
Hail, with this sadly pleasing tear!

Oh! at this still, this lonely hour,
Thine own sweet hour of closing day,
Awake thy lute, whose charmful pow'r
Shall call up Fancy to obey:

To paint the wild, romantic dream,
That meets the poet's musing eye,
As, on the bank of shadowy stream,
He breathes to her the fervid sigh.

O! lonely spirit! let thy song
Lead me thro' all thy sacred haunt;
The minster's moonlight aisles along,
Where spectres raise the midnight chaunt.

I hear their dirges faintly swell!
Then, sink at once in silence drear,
While from the pillar'd cloister's cell,
Dimly their gliding forms appear!

Lead where the pine woods wave on high,
Whose pathless sod is darkly seen,
As the cold moon, with trembling eye,
Darts her long beams the leaves between.

Lead to the mountain's dusky head,
Where, far below, in shape profound,
Wide forests, plains and hamlets spread,
And sad the chimes of vesper sound.

Or guide me where the dashing oar
Just breaks the stillness of the vale,
As slow it tracks the winding shore,
To meet the ocean's distant sail.

To pebbly banks, that Neptune laves,
With measur'd surges, loud and deep,
Where the dark cliff bends o'er the waves,
And wild the winds of autumn sweep.

There pause at midnight's spectred hour,
And list the long resounding gale;
And catch the fleeting moonlight's pow'r,
O'er foaming seas, and distant sail.

EPIGRAM.

A WHY AND WHEREFORE.

Who freely comments on his neighbour,
Will oft judge wrong, and waste his labour.
One dreary night, as home he ran,
A sage observ'd a poor blind man,
Whose hand a lighted torch display'd,
A pitcher on his shoulder laid.
"Pray, simpleton, quoth he, what use,
To you, can that same torch produce,
The grateful change of day and night
Unknown to you, why bear a light?"
"'Tis not for me, the blind returns,
This blazing torch at midnight burns,
I'm poor, nor likely to grow richer,
And, therefore, greatly prize my pitcher;
So fear, lest, in the streets rude bustle,
Some fool, like You, against me justle."

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